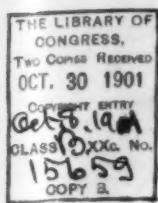


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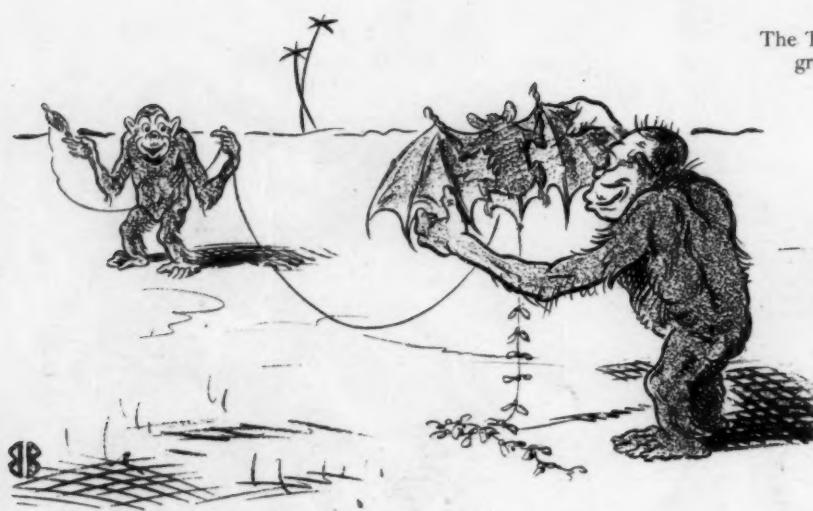
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A TRIED WATCH-DOG WHO WILL BE RETAINED.



#### KITE FLYING IN AFRICA.

FIRST MONKEY.—Do you think it will fly when the breeze comes?  
SECOND MONKEY.—It ought to;—it flew last night without any breeze.

#### AUTUMNAL REVERIES.



I.  
THE TREES have donned their Autumn suits,  
(Poor Man would surely freeze  
If his Fall raiment should fall off  
As soon as will the trees!)

II.  
But that is neither here nor there.  
The Autumn air is cool;—  
The tailor's air, — enough of this!  
The children are at school.

III.  
Now Gladys would a-golfing go;  
But when apace she seeks  
Her mid-irons and other clubs  
She fails to find her cleeks.

V.  
And, speaking of depravity,  
We come now to new cider.  
Heigho! 'T is worth remembering  
The buckwheat 's in the spider.

IV.  
(Her younger brother is engaged,—  
A truant scholar, he—  
In shying Gladys' missing cleeks  
Into a chestnut tree.)

VI.  
Some rushes by the river bank  
Are waving in the air,  
And this brings up the waving  
Of the centre-rush's hair.

F. S. B.

#### ACCEPTED THE INEVITABLE.

FIRST CITIZEN.—Well, are you still an Anti-Expansionist?  
SECOND CITIZEN.—No. I'm an ex-Anti-Expansionist.

THE CAMPAIGN LIE is getting ready to crush Truth to earth a few times more.

#### BLESSED.

The Trillionaire knew that wealth was a great evil, for had he not himself been up against the Real Thing?

"But I'll fix that!" said he.

Accordingly he founded libraries, far and wide, stipulating always that the people support these.

This made taxes so high that nobody could possibly accumulate without lying to the Assessor.

Accordingly, everybody was presently in Moderate Circumstances, only. And the people rose up and called the Trillionaire blessed, as was no more than courteous.



#### IN RE INDEMNITIES.

"Diplomacy!" exclaimed the Empress Dowager, scornfully. "Hot air!"

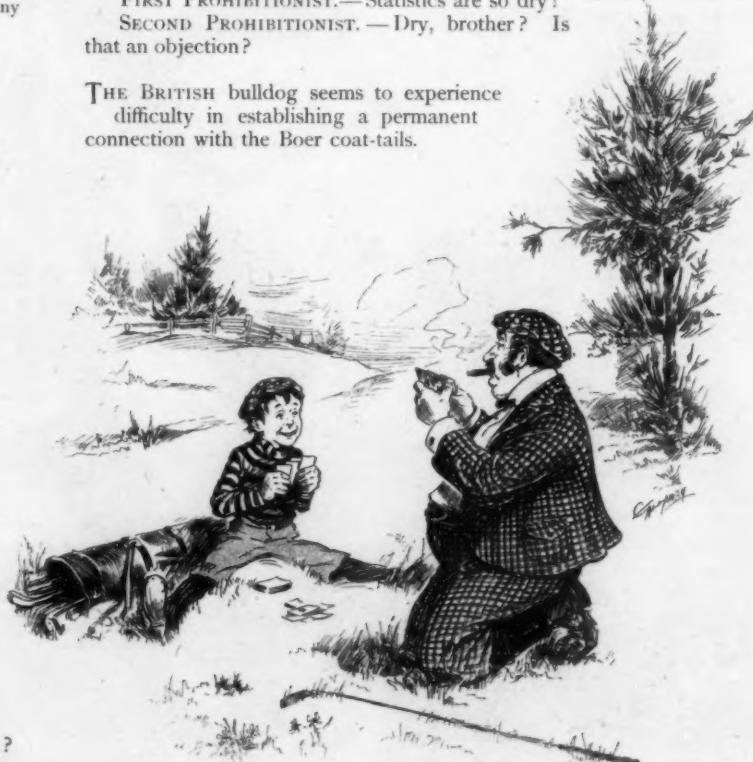
"True, Your Majesty!" replied the astute Li Hung Chang. "But in this case it is either hot air, or cold cash, you know!"

#### A REBUKE.

FIRST PROHIBITIONIST.—Statistics are so dry!

SECOND PROHIBITIONIST.—Dry, brother? Is that an objection?

THE BRITISH bulldog seems to experience difficulty in establishing a permanent connection with the Boer coat-tails.



#### THE CADDY'S VIEWS.

"You like to play cards, do you?"

"Oh, yes! I like any kind of a game except golf."

PUCK



ONE OF THE POSSIBILITIES.

"Mother, what would you do if we had a lot of money?"

"Faith, Oi dunno. May be Oi 'd begin to worry about what we 'd do if we had n't!"



PROGRESS.

MR. NEWROCKS.—Well, we did get up in the world, Maria!

MRS. NEWROCKS.—Yes, indeed! Who'd ever have thought we'd have a *chef* and a *chauffeur*?

A SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.

MRS. HOKORN (*sympathetically*).—Why, what in the world 's the matter, Samanthy?

MRS. HAYRAKE (*sobbingly*).—Oh, dear! Hiram 's driftin' away frum me, an'—boo-hoo!—I 'm sure there 's another woman in the case.

MRS. HOKORN.—Why, what put sich a silly idear in your head?

MRS. HAYRAKE.—He went tew a barber's yesterday tew git his hair cut, instead uv lettin' me cut it, as he always done before.

MERE PLEASANTRY.

PASSENGER.—It 's shameful to have to wait so long on this switch.

CONDUCTOR.—Well, if you want to finish your trip in an ambulance, we can go on and collide with that other car.

THE JOB ALL RIGHT.

SHEA.—Oi thought Conley had a shteady job?

RYAN.—He had; but he wor-n't quoite as shteady as th' job.



A PROTEST.

THE PIG.—Still playing on his oaten pipe? I don't mind music in moderation but a man should n't be a hog!

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

The Old Beau was speaking:

"Never ask for a kiss, my boy," he said, "until you have taken it."

THERE ARE quite a number of Christians who follow the doctrines of Christianity at the distance which experience has shown to be most convenient.

## PUCK



ONTO HIS GAME.

**THE INDIAN.**—My people rise—scalp Paleface—friendly red man give warning!

**COLONIST.**—Back to the woods! Thrice hast thou given warning of an uprising, and each time there was nothing in it except thou didst want me to set up the fire-water!

### INGENIOUS, BUT TOO FAR WEST.



HEY WERE discussing the peculiarities and habits of misers, as illustrated by local instances. Texas Jack had given the conversation this trend by referring to the case of the man from Missouri who starved himself sooner than diminish the gold dust in sacks he had hidden beneath his bed. From this well-known case the conversation naturally drifted to a recapitulation of other more or less similar instances.

For some time the gentlemanly-appearing stranger who had modestly taken a place near the outskirts of the little group had been silent, although it was evident that he had been deeply interested. At last, however, he spoke.

"With your permission, gentlemen," he said, "I will tell you of an instance of this abnormal miserliness which chanced to come under my own observation. The man's name was Beddoes, and he lived in a little country village back in Wisconsin. His miserly habits were notorious in the small community where he resided, and it was a common remark that it was an unusual nickel that passed from his clutch, once having got there. The habit grew upon him, as it does upon all of its miserable victims. To loosen his hold upon a penny was hard; upon a twenty-five cent piece was torture, and upon a dollar was all but impossible. I myself have seen him give up a small coin when his evident mental agony was terrible to witness."

"This man Beddoes was a day laborer, and money came to him in small sums. If, occasionally, a five-dollar gold piece reached him it never went farther; it was hidden away, but nobody knew exactly where. He simply could not part with that amount of money in a lump sum."

"At last, one day, through some combination of circumstances that I do not exactly remember, he came into possession of a bright and shining double eagle. I happened to be present at the time, and it was curious to note his frenzied clutch upon that gold piece; he seized it as if he would forever make it one with himself, and, as a matter of fact, gentlemen, he came mighty near to doing so. With the gold piece still clutched in his hand, he disappeared for a day or two.

"At the end of that time he again appeared upon the street, but it soon was noticed that he wore a worried and haunted expression, and his right hand was tightly clutched; never was he seen to open it. I suppose that three or four days had passed before, overcome by the mental anguish to which he had been subjected in the interim, Beddoes told a man with whom he maintained friendly relations of his affliction.

"Obeying that miserly impulse which had become the dominant note in his character, the muscles of his hand blindly refused to let go of their golden store. In brief, his hand, in obedience to the force of habit, had become a miser, too. We called in a physician, but he was unable to do anything in so unparalleled a case, and all that a council of four doctors could do was to suggest amputation of his thumb and fingers. The result seemed inevitable, when, at the last moment, he was saved."

"How was it done?" Big Bill asked.

"Very easily, gentlemen. I then had with me, as I always have, a bottle of 'Bings's Celebrated and Only Infallible Remedy for Grip,' and one dose sufficed to permanently cure the unfortunate Beddoes. He was very grateful. I am the traveling agent for this panacea of inestimable value, gentlemen, and will be pleased to supply any of you at the low price of—"

Thirteen minutes later the gentlemanly-appearing man might have been seen skulking in the outskirts of the town, whence he hoped to catch a train eastward bound.

He had gone too far west in his wanderings.

*A. J. Waterhouse.*

A PERFECTLY naive girl is a girl who really believes everything you tell her, without you being engaged to her.



AMBIGUOUS

**BELLA.**—But why did you refuse him if you loved him?

**DORA.**—Well, you see, he said he could n't live without me, and it aroused my curiosity!

## PUCK

### THE WILLFUL WAIST.

OH, THOU marvelous feminine waist!  
Thou art greatly a matter of taste,  
And one can not divine  
Where thy movable line  
May within the next season be  
placed.

In the days of the Empire  
style,  
Very high did'st thou soar  
for awhile;  
When the fair Josephine  
O'er the fashions was  
queen,  
And anatomy bent to her  
smile.

Then there followed a time when thou did'st  
Disappear from our sight, for thou hid'st  
While the loose Hubbard gowns  
Shocked the wild western towns,  
Till we wailed, "Oh! Return to our midst!"

And to-day, with a new style of squeeze,  
At an angle of fifty degrees,  
Thou descendest so fast  
That we wonder aghast,  
If thy fall will stop short of the knees!

But the fact is that figures can't lie  
(Even though they so craftily try);  
So thy line shall be found,  
While this world goes around,  
When the arm of a lover is nigh.

*Anna Mathewson.*

### EASILY ARRANGED.

HIGGINS (*over the 'phone*).—Sir, I desire to ask for your daughter Clara's hand in marriage.

HER FATHER (*with eight daughters*).—I don't know who you are; but, take her, my boy, and be happy!

### HE KNEW.

LITTLE EBEN (*who has an inquiring mind*).—Paw, what does "ambidextrous" mean?

FARMER DUNK.—Why—er-h'm!—I guess it means a feller that can steal with both hands.



### THE PART OF WISDOM.

BRONCO BILL.—Take a little advice, stranger, and don't play poker with none o' th' boys 'round here.

TENDERFOOT.—I suppose I'd be sure to lose.

BRONCO BILL.—Well, you would if you was wise.

### A HARD CASE.

MISS DEEPHTHYNKER.—What do you consider the most important problem of the twentieth century?

ROBERTSON.—How to have the most fun with the least trouble.

THE RURAL PRESS speaks indiscriminately of people "accepting" positions, as if everybody were a cook engaging in the suburbs.



### HIS WEAK POINT.

"Tusks is 'way ahead, is n't he?"

"Yes; but he'll lose in the long run. He's a good player, but he does n't know when to get cold feet!"

## PUCK

### STAGE SWEARING.

THERE IS surely too much sameness about stage swearing. In fact, as we propose to point out, there is absolutely no variety about blasphemy on the boards. We maintain that, in an era of realistic railway trains, practicable patrol-wagons, sure-enough steam-boats, and actual avalanches, this should not be.

Take any melodrama you may please, in which style of dramatic doings oaths perforce predominate, and should the hero have occasion to anathematize the villain, how does he give vent to his emotions? He observes, with an emphasis usually regulated by the proximity of pay-day, "Curse you, Jim Jimson! Curse you, I sa-ay!"

The following table accounts for the other characters:

**THE COOK.**—A ca-a-a-ree on ye, Jim Jimson.  
**THE GROOM.**—Ay, Jim Jimson, curse 'im.

**THE FATHER.**—An old man's curse for this, Jim Jimson.

**THE HEROINE.**—A maiden's curse upon you, Jim Jimson.

**THE HOUSEMAID.**—Te-he! Curse you, Mr. Jim Jimson.

**THE FOREIGN DUKE.**—Ah-h-h! Jim Jimson, cur-r-rse him.

**THE HORSE DOCTOR.**—Curse you, Jim Jimson; curse you.

**THE SPORTING CHAP.**—Aw! Curse you, Jimp, curse you.

**THE ELDERLY FEMALE.**—Heaven's curse be on you, James Jimson.

**THE BANK PRESIDENT.**—Er—curse you, Jimson.

**THE BUNCOED FARMER.**—My curse on ye, Jeems Jimson.

**THE GERMAN COMEDIAN.**—A curse mit himself, is it not, Chim Chimp-son.

And so on with the villagers, soldiers, politicians, hoboes, and the rest of the hoi-polloi who may have been afforded an opportunity of chunking a swear-word at the miserable fiend in human form. Everyone who has a speaking part swears, and everyone who swears does it in pretty much the same milk-and-water manner.

Is it any wonder that Jimson is not weaned from wrongdoing, or that he remains consistently away from Sabbath-school during the entire five acts? Is it any wonder that in the third scene of the fourth act, Jimson, having come upon the man who once took five cents away from him and bought beer with it, asleep in the saw-mill, makes all possible haste to start the time clock which shortly releases the buzz-saw, that saws the end off a log, permitting same to drop through a hidden trap-door and misplace the lever that thus opens the switch, throwing to the foot of an embankment the train bearing the Sons of Jonadab excursion to which he (Jimson) had not been invited, the concussion causing



HIS SAD EXPERIENCE.

"Were n't you discharged from your last job for being lazy?"

"Well, sah, what's a man gwine ter do? De job befo' dat I done gib up, an' den folks said I was lazy!"



HYPNOTIZED.

"Vat's pecome ohf your huspant? I don'd see him mit you mooch."

"No;—der man has begome completely infatuated mit dot Fire Dance on der Midway!"

a colossal avalanche that buries everything from sight except the left booteel of Jack Jagless, the heroic blacksmith?

Now that the stage has arrived at such a pleasing state of purity, far be it from us to offer any suggestions calculated to sully or pollute it. If people object to latter-day swearing, let us hark back to the good old oaths that besprinkled the speech of Willy Shakspere's time. Can anyone cavil at "A murrain on Jim Jimson, marry come up;" or, "Should I ever cross Jim Jimson's path, odds splutter his nails! by the sacred locks of St. Swithin, I will have reven-n-ge?"

We could wish for a trifle more variety in stage swearing, and we stand prepared to welcome with open arms any actor who may come before us even half "full of strange oaths."

W. S. Adkins.

### AN INQUIRY.

**UNCLE HIRAM.**—I see the editor of the *Banner* has a long article on the bubonic plague.

**UNCLE SILAS.**—That so? Is he for or ag'in' it?

# PUCK



## PUCK

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

### THE PENSION ARMY.

WHAT GENERAL SICKLES denounced a little while ago as "the crusade against the old soldier" continues in all its malignity. And yet there is a cold, statistical logic about it that should disarm passion. The "crusade" has come to consist almost entirely of unemotional figures which compel the reader to make certain deductions. When it is seen that there are nearly one million names on the pension roll in this thirty-eighth year since the close of the civil war, and that the net gain during the past year was 4,206, the least thoughtful must be impressed with the extraordinary and increasing vigor shown by the supposedly disabled survivors of that struggle. And further incitement to thought lies in a view, held by the leading spirits of the G. A. R., that the pension laws are still construed in a spirit of hostility to the veteran. General Sickles was so warm in this opinion that he expressed a wish to be twenty years younger so that he might lead a column of old soldiers against the offices of such newspapers as try to create scandal by publishing the figures of the pension roster. That the General is not twenty years younger must be taken as a bit of good luck for the country. That our army of pensioners is rapacious beyond shame and measure, and that it is an army of vast numbers and amazing physical powers, are facts that we have paid a great many billion dollars to establish. If such an army should take the field under General Sickles it would never stop with wrecking a few newspaper offices. Its very next point of attack would be the U. S. Treasury, and its onslaught would be irresistible. A long life to General Sickles, but no turning backward of time for him. The country would not be safe. Meantime the retention of Commissioner Evans insures our Treasury at least against the more audacious sallies of the pension grabbers.

### LOW VERSUS CROKER.

AS CLEARLY as words will let them the Fusion candidates have shown that they mean to reform in this city only those abuses about which men are bound to agree; that they have no intention of doing those things that Reformers are commonly supposed to intend; that they harbor no design to enforce "blue laws." Should these candidates fail of election it will mean only that this truth has not been made plain to enough of those people who believe that the letter of the law killeth. When it has been made clear that to erase what Mr. Edward M. Shepard has called "a burning and disgraceful blot upon the municipal history of the country" is not necessarily to outpuritan the Puritans, then that blot will be finally and thoroughly erased. When it is made plain that the unornamental two-dollar-a-day citizen can have equal Sunday privileges with members of Fifth Avenue clubs without submitting to what Mr. Shepard has called Tammany's "grinding tyranny of blackmail," then that tyranny will no longer be imposed. When the average citizen of whatever station in life, from ditch-digger to banker, discovers that it will mean cheaper and better living for him to depose one whom the same discerning Mr. Shepard has described as "the English gentleman who rules and ruins Tammany," then that person will cease to have reasons for ever leaving his English country seat. The Fusion candidates have been so outspoken that these truths seem already to be clear, and all signs promise victory for Mr. Low over the amiable gentleman who has consented to act as figure-head for Mr. Low's opponent,—Mr. Richard Croker.

### DEATHS FROM FOOT-BALL.

FOOT-BALL FATALITIES come along early this year. Usually nothing worse than cripples for life are made in the first weeks of play. The merry crunch of the collar-bone and the crackling of shattered ribs make the wonted Autumn stillness to be musical, and now and then a spine breaks because it can't bend any farther. But, as a rule, no killing is done until the enthusiasm has gained its real November vim. Two young men, however, have already been killed on the foot-ball field this season. One suffered a fracture of the spine and the other, being excavated from the pack of mischievous romps who had been jumping on his head, was found to have sustained a concussion of the brain. "His family," concludes the news-item, "are convinced that the injury was accidental." Quite so. And this auspicious beginning of accidents promises a season exciting enough for the most ardent lover of sports. PUCK's compliments go once more to those partisans of the game who from time to time denounce prize-fighting. Compared with foot-ball it produces only about one-twentieth of the fatalities and general bone-wreckage, and is so much gentler of method as to merit all scorn for being the sport of milk-sops.

### THE PRESIDENT AND THE BOERS.

RELIVING UPON President Roosevelt's reputation for pugnacity, partisans of the Boers are showering him with appeals for his aid in terminating the South African war. Just what action they wish him to take is not always apparent. They appear to suspect that a man of his strenuous habits will know some way and wish eagerly to take it. Of course these well-meaning persons are not reflective, else they would see that interference such as they suggest is impracticable and will continue to be while "mind your own business" is the foundation of international relationships. The same persons would doubtless be commendably enraged at any attempt of Great Britain to mix into our own little troubles in the Philippine Islands. We suspect they were also unreflective in assuming that President Roosevelt would "start something," to use a phrase of the common people, the moment he got into office. Actual responsibility, they should remember, is an excellent febrifuge.

### HOW IT IS MANAGED.

STRANGER.—And what precautions are taken against illegal voting?

NEW YORKER.—Oh! Each side tries to see that the other does n't do any.



A HALLOWE'EN PROPOSAL.

"You throw the apple peel over your shoulder and it forms the initial of the person you are to marry."

"But what if it forms no letter at all?"

"Well, if—if you're willing, Dorothy, no apple peel will ever keep us apart!"



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

TO THE RESCUE: MYTHOLOGY



# PUCK

## THE OYSTER MAN.



RO DE streets ob Baltimo',  
Rappin' on de rich man's do',  
Come along about sunrise  
Mak de rich man rub his eyes.  
Who?  
"Oysh! Oysh! Oysh!"  
  
"Heah 's yo' oysh!" det's his cry;  
"Fresh fum off de bay bugeye;  
Rappahnock! Cahteh's Creek!  
Oystehs fum de Chesapeake!"  
Who?  
"Oysh! Oysh! Oysh!"

Sun peep down de avenue,  
Mak his kettles shine lak new;  
En his apron, white es snow,  
Fan en rustle es he go.  
Who?  
"Oysh! Oysh! Oysh!"

Kettles empty! Ten o'clock,—  
Tuhns his face towahds de dock;  
Jinglin' all de change he owns,  
Drinks his gin en rolls de bones.  
Who?  
"Oysh! Oysh! Oysh!"

*Victor A. Hermann.*

## OF COURSE.

Once upon a time there dwelt in the deserts of the Far Orient a tribe of Bedouins who were at great pains to perfect themselves in the art of dancing with the small of the back.

Neighboring tribes, wondering, made bold to ask, "To what end?"

"Why, in order that we may appear worthily at the great expositions held from time to time to exhibit the industrial, commercial and intellectual progress of the United States, of course!" said the Bedouins.



"By Jinks! I've got a scheme that'll save me a lot o' trouble pickin' them apples!



"I'll jest put all these barrels underneath —



"An' then I'll jolt that tree with this log, an' —

## THE MODERN VERSION

—What are the sound waves saying?

CHILDREN are a great comfort, especially to such as never have the minister to tea.

THE EXIGENCY is never such that a man need froth at the mouth in order to evince genuine patriotism.



"down will come them—



"Durn that applejack! I'm beginnin' ter see monkeys an' goblins ag'in."



## HER OPINION.

HE (watching another couple).—I suppose he feels that he could not live without her.

SHE.—Yes, and I don't think he'll have a chance to find out that he could.

## IN THE DARKEST SOUTH.

FIRST CITIZEN.—But should n't the sheriff defend a nigger ag'in' the mob?

SECOND CITIZEN.—Pshaw! Was n't the sheriff elected by the mob?

PROBABLY our sins of omission are greater than those of commission, because they involve less effort.

# PUCK



## WHEN GRANDPA WAS A BOY.

HEN GRANDPA was a boy — Oh, Gee! — say, wan't the fellers good! They never did a thing but jest exactly as they should. They never worried Bridget and they never sassed their Ma; They never used ter tease and beg fer stories from their Pa; They never kicked the table leg, ner asked two times fer pie; They never whined ter have ice-cream, and candy made 'em cry;

They'd good deal ruther bring in wood than play with *any* toy, And doin' chores was their delight, when Grandpa was a boy.

When Grandpa was a boy they had no holidays at all, And school kept goin' right along through Summer time till Fall; And all the fellers *loved* it and they used ter tease ter go, And if they stayed ter home a day it broke their hearts, yer know. They never thought of "hookin' jack," and never once was late, And never threw a spit-ball ner made pictures on a slate, But studied jest ter beat the band, 'cause lessons was their joy, And no one ever missed a word, when Grandpa was a boy.

When Grandpa was a boy he loved ter wear his Sunday clothes, And used ter black his shoes all round, and not jest crost the toes; He used ter be so careful that his suits looked new fer years, And always when he washed his face he scrubbed behind his ears. He loved a tract but never cared fer books 'bout Deadwood Dick, And doted on a sermon, but a circus made him sick; And all his chums would die 'fore they'd their teacher kind annoy. — Oh, say! but saints was awful thick when Grandpa was a boy.

When Grandpa was a boy he did jest right in everything, And was a reg'lar angel, 'cept he never raised a wing; And Billy's Grandpa was the same, accordin' ter his tell, And so was Sammie Myers's, and whole lots more as well. And we've been told about 'em till we all jest wish that we Was livin' in them good old times, instead of now, yer see. Oh, cricky! if we only was! jest think with what a joy We'd lick that sap-head crowd that lived when Grandpa was a boy!

*Joe Lincoln.*

## TAXATION.

"You have rated me as having \$1,500 worth of property!" roars the citizen.

"Precisely \$1,498.03," says the assessor, upon reference to his books.

"Making me out a poor man and thus liable to taxation, when in point of fact I am amply rich enough not to be taxed at all! I — I —"

But here the citizen becomes incoherent, such is his indignation.

## JUST PUNISHMENT.

POPOCRAT (*rampantly*). — Sixteen to One is good enough for me!

RUBLICAN (*calmly*). — That's right; it is.

**I**N THE opinion of the politician, harmony covers a multitude of sins.

IT WILL be admitted that there is missionary work to be done at home; also, that it can be done without the aid of gunboats.

## ROBBERS.

It is night. Silence reigns over the fourteen acres of floor-space of the Summer hotel.

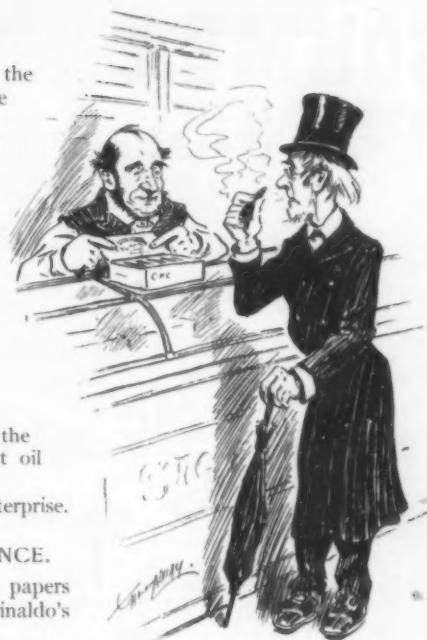
But stay! As we listen, a shriek rends the air.

"Robbers!"

Throughout that vast caravansary, none stirs. It is as if none hears. Again the shriek!

"Robbers not connected with the house!"

Now lights flit to and fro, and alarm is everywhere.



## ANOTHER STORY.

"Oil and water won't mix," said the Texas promoter to himself; "but oil stock and water —"

And he proceeded with the enterprise.

## WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE.

FARMER HARDACRE. — The papers have all quit blowin' about Aguinaldo's ability since he got captured.

FARMER HAYRICK. — Well, they orter. I've been studyin' military economics somewhat all my life, an' I've discovered that that chap could n't put up enough of a scrimmage ter raise the price of wheat two cents.

## QUALIFIED.

DEALER. — If you're a judge of Havana tobacco  
MR. INLAND. — Well, I ought to  
be. I live up in Connecticut, where  
a lot of it comes from.

## IN AFRICA.

FIRST NATIVE. — And the white man's government has forbidden the traders to sell us any more liquor or firearms.

SECOND NATIVE. — You don't say! Do they want us to relapse into barbarism?

## REVISED.

FIRST REPORTER. — I reported the proceedings of the Prohibition Convention, but the editor cut down my account.

SECOND REPORTER. — He did, eh?

FIRST REPORTER. — Yes. He made it read, "The Prohibitionists met last night and nominated a ticket, but the event is not believed to have any political significance."

## AN OPINION.

"It seems that King Edward has sixty-five clergymen in his personal retinue, while Queen Victoria had only sixteen."

"Well, I guess he needs forty-nine more than she did."

PEACE HATH her victories, which, to say the least, are no less renowned than Lord Kitchener's.

IF THE Colombian war lasts long enough the general public may begin to inquire what it is all about.

THE INFANT industries of Porto Rico are, of course, suffering severely from an attack of free trade; but, at last accounts, they were expected to pull through.



## COULD DRAW HIS OWN INFERENCE.

CHOLLY. — And did Miss Chipper say anything about me?  
MISS CUTTINGE. — She said you were just as bright as ever.

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE  
LIST OF THE HIGHEST  
GRADE PIANOS.

# SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building,  
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Only Salesroom  
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It is the opinion of entirely too many people that the word "friend" means one who will lend his money.—*Atchison Globe*.

The Midway Esquimaux, South Sea Islanders, and tribes from all over the globe brought with them their packs of



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BACON is going so high that people will have to dip their corn bread in recollections of the past.—*Atchison Globe*.

ABOUT the slowest thing on earth is a farmer in town getting ready to go home.—*Atchison Globe*.

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The capitalist colored when we spoke of the check that hung in a neat frame over his desk.

"A bit of sentimentalism," said he. "The first billion I ever made!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

WHEN a man goes on the wrong track he will find it impossible to flag the boys behind him.—*Ram's Horn*.

PATIENCE.—What in the world did you find to talk about at the beach? PATRICE.—Oh! You know there's been an awful lot of weather this Summer.—*Yonkers Statesman*.



WHOM HE LIKES TO "BATE."

CONLEY.—Phwat th' devil is a Jew baiter, Barney?  
SHEEHAN.—An Oirishman — iv'y chance he gits.

Exchange weakness for health—lassitude for energy by taking Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At all druggists. Refuse substitutes.

Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne is the wine for Americans. Its purity and bouquet command it to them.

SOME churches read: "If any man will be my disciple let him take up his collection."—*Ram's Horn*.

HAVING tact means remembering to bring the conversation around to Kalamazoo when there is a guest present who has been there.—*Atchison Globe*.

"I WANT to get a muzzle," said the crabbed man, entering the hardware store.

"Like this one, sir?" said the clerk, exhibiting a certain pattern.

"Oh, my, no! That would hold the mouth too tightly shut."

"I just sold one of them to a woman, sir."

"Well, it would be all right for a woman, young man; but I want mine for a dog."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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"Yes; and I'm afraid it's catching."

"Why so?"

"The last time he came to my room my umbrella was abstracted, too."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

YEAST.—Did your barber ever tell you any hair-raising stories?

CRIMSONBEAK.—Yes; he told me that tonic he sold me would make my hair grow.—*Yonkers Statesman*.



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WHACKS.—Yes; the red-headed one.

HACKS.—Oh! you're mistaken. The only brother I have is quite bald now, but—

WHACKS.—Exactly, and he's been bathing every day without any hat.—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

THE early birding in the flying-machine business is not at all encouraging.—*Washington Post*.

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EXCESS SECURITY to Policy-Holders,	84,698,785.19
PAID TO POLICY-HOLDERS SINCE 1864,	\$44,469,462.48
TOTAL INSURANCE IN FORCE,	\$199,360,653.00
GAINS: 6 months, January to July, 1901.	
IN ASSETS,	\$1,270,172.92
IN INSURANCE IN FORCE (Life Department Only),	4,739,635.00
INCREASE IN RESERVES (Both Departments),	1,165,244.44
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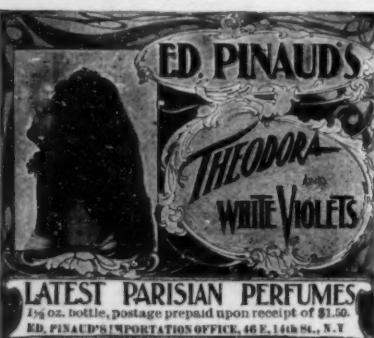
"Since the ossified man has been making love to the fat girl, he is harder than ever."

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Autumn and Winter Novelties.

NEW PARIS MODELS

in Night Robes, Bolero and Short Corset  
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NEW YORK

HE WAS VERY RUDE.

"Do you think the world is growing better, George?"

"Do I understand that you want me to decide whether I am a better man than my father, or not?"

"How funny!"

"Oh, I don't know. Are you a better woman than your mother?"

"Why, of course not. How absurd!"

"Then how do you expect the world to grow better when you fail to help it along?"

"George, you are very rude." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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"My dear," answered the young woman who believes there is no such thing as modern literature, "if they did n't wear long hair how would we know they are poets?" — Washington Star.

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STEIN-BLOCH SUITS AND OVERCOATS, \$15.00 AND UPWARDS.

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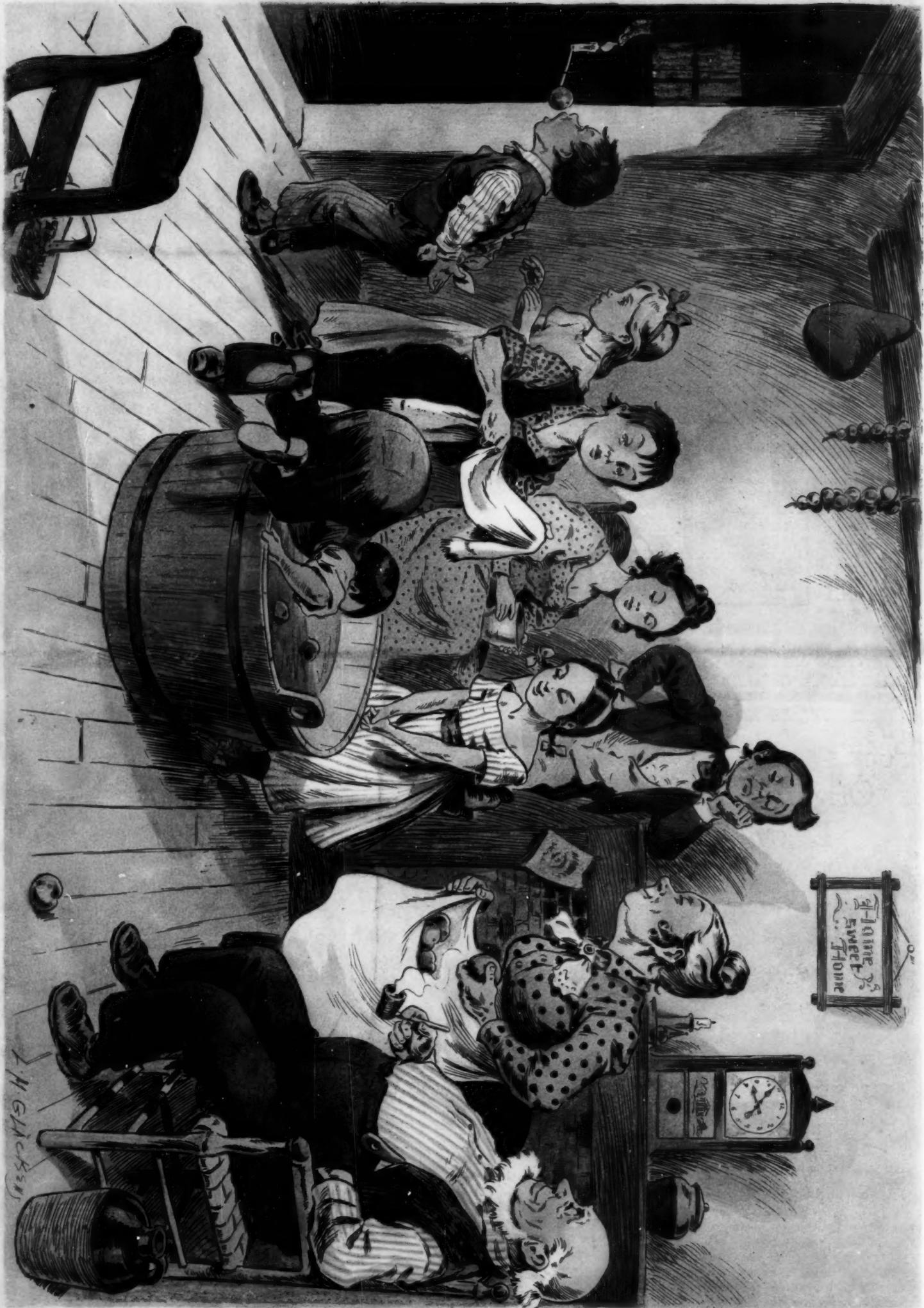
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On Hallow E'en — 'cept Willie Dunn

He 's jes' an awful, awful pig,  
Becuz his mouth is made so big.

No matter where the apple 's at  
He bites right in it quick as eat!

An' when we 're bobbin' he won't let  
Much more 'n jes' his nose get wet!

An' in the other hordes' trick —  
The candle-apple on a stick —

First thing he grabs the apple tight  
An' don't get burnt a single mite!

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